Neptune's New Garland

OR,

The Weeping Mariners Lamentation.

In Three Parts.

PART I. An Account how a Ship named the John and Mary being cast away, Thirteen Men, a Boy, and a Dog was lodg'd in sad Distress upon a Rock near Fourteen days; with an Account how they cast Lots who should die first for the rest to feed on.

PART II. How a Fisherman's Son on the thirteenth day at night dreamed that Men was on that particular Rock, and therefore going the next day with his Father, some of them was miraculously delivered, and brought on shore at Southampton, where Thanks was given for their wonderful Preservation.

PART III. An Exhortation to Sailors to lead sober Religious Lives, that God may be with them in the time of Trouble.

Printed for *A. Bettesworth*, at the *Red Lion* on *London-Bridge*.

Neptune's New Garland.

PART I.

YOU that on Beds of Down lie safe and warm,
Know not the danger of his dismal Storm,
As do's the careful Mariners; for they
Are compass'd round by Dangers day by day.

When surly Boreas swells the curled Main,
And weeping Clouds sends down the Storms of rain,
And round the Ship the foaming Billows roul,
It often daunts the brave Heroick Soul.

Sometimes when they on roaring Waves are toss,
And that their goodly Ship is clearly loss,
Sunk in the Ocean, many Leagues from Land,
Yet God has sav'd their Lives by his blest hand.

When neither Ship nor Vessel has appear'd,
How often has distressed Souls been steer'd
On broken Wrecks, till Help has come in view;
From whence we see what our great God can do.

Sometimes on ragged craggy Rocks of Stone
They have been cast, where they have made their moan;
Many long nights and days in tears of grief,
When God at length has yielded them relief.

Now amongst many, one I'll mention here,
The perfect Truth of which you need not fear,
From fair Southampton Town of late it came,
And ought to be set down in Rolls of Fame.

First

First, In regard it is both strange and true,
Next in regard it shows what God can do;
For by a Dream a Fisher-Boy he sent,
To save the Lives of those that did lament.

Here I'll relate the Sorrow, Grief and Woe,
Of these poor Men that were afflicted so,
The which may cause the Stony Heart to bleed,
Wherefore I shall in order now proceed.

A Ship the John and Mary, being bound
Unto the Southern Parts, was compass'd round
With roaring Billows, and tempestuous Waves,
In which they might expect to make their Graves.

The Seas run high, the lofty Winds did blow,
Up she was tost, then down again as low,
As if they should be swallow'd in the deep,
The stoutest Man could not forbear to weep.

They labour'd hard with sad distracted care,
And while the Seas drove them the Lord knows where.
Her Planks gave way, and in the Waters pour'd,
Besides the lofty Masts come to the Board.

Thus having labour'd till their strength was spent,
On bended Knees, at length to God they went,
And did with sighs and tears his Love implore,
To save their Lives, and bring them safe to shore.

With wringing hands, these words they did express,
Lord look upon us now, in sad distress;
And of poor Seamen here some pity take,
Oh save us, save us, for thy Mercies sake.

While they in tears of sorrow did lament,
They're founder'd Ship down to the bottom wept,
They left distressed, many Leagues from Land,
But thanks to God, there was a Rock at hand,

On which they were by foaming Billows tost,
After they're fair and goodly Ship was lost,
Full thirteen Man, a Boy, and Dog likewise;
But without Food, their Hunger to suffice.

This Rock became their lonesome Prison then,
Where they continu'd, poor distressed Men,
In Tears of Sorrow, all in Mournful plights,
Full thirteen dismal days, and gloomy nights.

Upon this Rock behold a Leaf there grew,
Both white and green, such Leaves there is but few
On these they fed, so long as they did last,
When gone, poor Souls they were oblig'd to fast.

Then being pin'd with grief and hunger too,
One to the other cry'd, What shall we do?
At length amongst themselves they did conclude,
To kill their Dog to make them present Food.

When that was gone, they were resolv'd to try,
By casting Lots, which of them first should die,
To feed the rest; the Lot fell on the Boy;
As they his Life was going to destroy,

With wringing hands he did both beg and pray,
That they would spare him but till the next day,
And then he freely would resign his Breath,
To save them from the hungry Jaws of Death.

They

They pity'd him, and granted straight his Boon,
This was upon the 13th. day at noon,
Where we must leave them now in tears of grief,
And show how God afforded them relief.

PART II.

HEre in the Second Part you may behold
As strange a thing as ever yet was told;
Yet true it is, as many Witness can,
A Boy belonging to a Fisher-man,

Did Dream upon the thirteenth day at night,
That on the Rocks some Men in woful Plight,
Many a careful Night and Day had lain;
He wak'd, he slept, and dreamt the same again.

He to his Father did communicate
This very Dream, and was importunate
With him, and said, Dear Father let us go,
For who can tell but that it may be so.

The Fisherman immediately reply'd,
Dreams are but Fables, and began to chide
His Son, and said, let's mind our own Affairs,
And don't distract your Brains with needless cares.

Nay, more than this, behold his Father said,
Shall I indeed neglect my Fishing Trade
To search among the craggy Rocks for Men,
Are you become a dreaming Joseph then?

O Father! be not in a Feud I pray,
Resolv'd I am to go this very day,
To know the Truth, because indeed there seems
To be much more in this, than common Dreams.

'Twas

'Twas twice repeated to me in my sleep,
Methoughts I heard them groan, and see them weep,
And in a poor distressed starving state;
Then let us go before it is too late.

It is a Dream we ought not to despise,
Father, Assist me in this Enterprize;
If you will not, I'll go my self alone
What e'er betide me, to that Rock of Stone.

I am persuaded that my Dream is true;
The Father said, My Child I'll go with you,
Because the strange Event I mean to try:
They went on Board, but soon the Sea swell'd high.

At which the Fisherman soon chang'd his mind,
Saying, My Son, why do we seek to find
I know not what, where foaming Billows roar,
Come, lets return, and set our selves on shore.

Father, said he, I'll set you safe on land,
Then, by the help of God's assisting hand,
I'll go my self, whatever me betide;
But straight the Seas grew calm on e'ery side.

The Fisherman he stood amaz'd to see
That sudden Calm; quoth he, 'tis God's Decree
To still the Winds and make the Ocean clear,
That I might go with thee and never fear.

On Board they went, blest with a pleasant Gale,
Then after something more than two hours sail;
Upon the Rock they see the dreadful sight,
Of Fourteen Souls, pin'd, starv'd, and ruin'd quite.

The Fisherman was mov'd with pity then,
And seeing such distressed starved men,
Under the craggy Rock his Boat he plac'd,
And as they did press on with eager haste,

The Boy and other six, a stagger took,
And tumbl'd down the Rock; where they forsook
This wretched Life; for straight they drowned were,
But all the rest was brought on shore with Care.

They landed them at fair Southampton Town,
When to the Key thousands came flocking down
To see them in their sorrowful Distress,
Starv'd, pin'd, and naked, poor, and penniless.

Reliev'd they were, with food and nourishment,
Praise and Thanksgiving to the Lord was sent
For their miraculous Deliverance,
By the immediate Hand of Providence.

PART III. An Exhortation to Sailors to lead sober Religious Lives, that God may be with them in the time of Trouble.

YOU Mariners that sails the Ocean wide,
Where frightful Death appears on ev'ry side,
Your sinful Lives be careful to reform,
That you may be prepar'd for ev'ry Storm.

Tis you that sees the Wonders of the Deep,
And therefore at your lying down to sleep,
Commit your Souls to God by fervent Prayer,
That he may guard you with his constant care.

There's

There's many Dangers do's your Lives attend,
The which may bring you to a fatal end,
Except the Lord of Love be your Defence,
And saves you by his Hand of Providence.

A Rock, a Storm, and tWenty Dangers more,
When you perhaps are twenty Leagues from shore,
May cut you off; how ought you then to be
Prepar'd for Death and vast Eternity.

Some Persons in a Storm will curse and swear,
But let me now persuade them to forbear
That wicked Sin that do's provoke the Lord,
Left he should make Destruction your Reward.

You that are Seamen lay these things to heart,
Alas! it is no slender thing to part
With all the hopes of Glory after Death,
Consider this while you have Life and Breath.

Oh do not swear nor drink to that excess,
As to destroy thy health and happiness,
But still a pious life resolve to lead,
That God may be your help in time of need.

Now in a word or two I take my leave,
The Counsel which I give you, pray receive,
Pay your Obedience to God's blessed Will,
Then live or die, you'll all be happy still.

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